everything about your house. How large it is? How many windows are there in the living room? Where are the doors? What furniture do you have? A bed, a table, two chairs? . . . How large is the table? Now, think hard. How many people can be packed into your living room? Four? But if they are pressed together like sardines in a can? Six? And if somebody stands in the door? Seven? Is that all? Think hard—your life depends on it. You say seven is the limit. Not eight?"

Then I wrote a petition to the president of the court, in the name of Galkovsky. It began with the statement that the defendant was a very sick person, an epileptic, and did not remember what he had signed at the request of an investigating judge. However, he did remember his one-room house in Old Market Street. When he and his wife sat at the table, just enough room was left for two more persons. The list of charges declared, however, that there had been a convention of some seventy-five persons in his shack. He must have been out of his mind if he had said that to the judge. The complaint concluded with a request for an examination of his hut.

His request was sustained. The president of the court ruled the whole investigation void. Shpiganovsky was fired and the case was closed. Most of the defendants were set free. Others, including Chardash, had to stand trial on individual charges independent of the affair of the 103.

AFTER THE SENTENCE

Our case was tried by a military court in the summer of 1909, a year and a half after our arrest. The case was trivial. The existence of a party organization was proved by our two presses and proofs of *The South Russian Worker*, with corrections in my handwriting. Two of the defendants were acquitted, all others sentenced to four years of forced labor and deportation to Siberia for life. For Misha, as a minor, the sentence was commuted to three years of prison.

My mother had come from St. Petersburg to see me before the trial. There was little comfort for either of us in the reunion: I did not wish to tell her of conditions in the prison, and the news she brought me from home seemed far away. I loved her and wished to comfort her, but I could not conceal my impatience when she begged me to take care of my health. "Watch what you eat," she urged. "If you do not feel well, call the doctor. I am told he is a competent and fine man." Actually, the prison doctor was one of the basest characters in the administration.

After the sentence my mother was allowed to see me only once.